

Tuesday

JANUARY 10

## Appointments

8:30

9:00

9:30

10:00

10:30

11:00

11:30

12:00

12:30

1:00

1:30

2:00

2:30

3:00

3:30

4:00

4:30

5:00

5:30

6:00

## Memoranda

Dram. G.W. writing  
cut wages on  
of town 75%

visited Rite in  
hospital

Dinner with Gibson's  
Dickerson's Algonquin

"The Whimsy of the  
wedding" beautiful  
written and acted

for 2 Oct. 3<sup>rd</sup> and

very ordinary and  
disappointing.

6:45 Dickerson's at Algonquin  
Theater

Wednesday

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3:00

3:30

4:00

4:30

5:00

5:30

6:00

## Memoranda

Ashley's League

meeting with

representatives of

Screen Writers Guild

Problem of non-

communist opponents

Interview with

Whitney Brown on

Aster, watched end

of Matinee. Long

James still playing

Stephen.

Mr. Burger and Jacobson

of Voice of America

Home for dinner

At Max's later



and below the beautiful white marble slept in speechless eloquence. All visitors to this tomb know the story of our country's soldier. Lingered and looking. Josie repeated to mama one or two lines from Gray's beautiful elegy "Can storied urn or animated bust back to its mansion call the fleeting breath, Can honors voice provoke the silent dust, Or flattery soothe the dull cold ear of death." Passing out into the sunlight we walked along the driveway over-looking the parks as far as 125<sup>th</sup> street where we took the car going three quarters of an hour ride in them down to Brooklyn bridge on the east side. What a change in the scene. We went all through the Bowery after leaving the west side. Here was life in the Bowery, old men, young men, women and children all jostling crowding and yelling at each other in their bowery slang. Looking so

queer in their odd dress. We caught a glimpse of the celebrated Chinese quarters with its dark and dinginess. Presently we came to the Brooklyn bridge here again was great hurrying and bustling. Down below the huge suspended bridge there was the dark deep water of the East river. It looked beautiful with the vessels and steamboats and large ferries running to and fro. We just went to the center of the bridge we then turned around and started back. Some of the city lights were seen, and it looked beautiful. It was just dusk and it looked as if the buildings were a great dark <sup>huge</sup> mountain and the lights looked like gems among them. We saw the giant arches standing there as if they could not be broken down. We made our way back to the car line where took a car and came home. That night we went to Trinity M. E. Church where I saw Miss Emily Hooker. She is a very wealthy girl and is very nice.



FEBRUARY, SATURDAY 16. 1884

Alice Hathaway Lee,  
Born at Chestnut  
Hill, July 29<sup>th</sup> 1861.  
I saw her first on  
Oct 1878; I wooed  
her for over a year  
before I won her; we  
were betrothed on Jan  
25<sup>th</sup> 1880, and it was  
announced on Feb 16<sup>th</sup>;  
on Oct 27<sup>th</sup> of the  
same year we were  
married; we spent three  
years of happiness greater  
and more unalloyed  
than I have ever known  
fall to the lot of  
others; on Feb 12<sup>th</sup> 1884

FEBRUARY, SUNDAY 17. 1884

her baby was born  
and on Feb 14<sup>th</sup> she  
died in my arms;  
My mother had  
died in the same  
house, on the same  
day, but a few  
hours previously. On  
Feb 16<sup>th</sup> they were  
buried together in  
Greenwood.

On Feb 17<sup>th</sup> I  
christened the baby  
Alice Lee Roosevelt.

For joy or for sorrow  
my life has now been  
lived out.



1754 William Palmer Dr  
19-3 to 3 lb Sugar at 6 - - - 1..6  
to 1 lb Coffee - - - 1..6  
21- to 3 Sugar @ 8 - - - 1-8

m<sup>o</sup> then Joseph Delaplaine & I have  
21-3 settled our acc<sup>ts</sup> & made Even to this day

26- Abram Jeffers Dr  
p to a Copin for Mary Harris Ph 12  
28/ to a d<sup>o</sup> for Ulrik & Senger Ph -11

William Palmer Dr  
p to 1/2 lb tea 3/8 & 3 lb Sugar at 8 - - 4..5  
29- to 1/2 Coffee 9/8 & 3 lb Sugar - - 2..3  
to 3 lb Sugar - - - 1..6  
2- 4 to 3 lb Sugar - - - 8..3

26 ct John Beaman Dr  
by Jos to a Stand<sup>4</sup> top of Spanish Cedar - - 6--

27- Robert Livingston Dr  
by Jos ct to a Large Cofin for his negro - 12--

28 Peter Vandurte Dr  
to 3 50 lb candleboxes at 1/9 - - 5..3



1834

Monday June 25. President Jackson has issued an order to the different commanders of the fortified places throughout the United States, directing them to cause a salute to be fired at sun rise and a gun every half hour during the day, as a mark of respect to the memory of General La Fayette; the order to go into effect one day after it is received. In this order the President remarks that Gen La Fayette was the last Mayor General of the United States who fought in the Revolution. He also remarks that the order as respects the firing of the guns, is the same as that issued at the death of Gen Washington whose companion in arms Gen La Fayette was.

Thursday 26. Pursuant to public notice this day was set apart for the purpose of paying funeral honors to Gen La Fayette. At day break a salute of 24 guns was fired, and at intervals guns continued to be fired until sundown. Hardly a single vessel could be seen in any part of the city that had not a number of flags out at half mast.



Joe Heller's lunch with me, on (5019)  
Thurs. - his lunch with me; Mr. Goldstick  
+ Simon - Mr. Cattle - who went to Long d  
+ Trent road.

- On my way into 2 + country road +  
across + meadow - "Chickens  
must be done 2 of them any 1.  
I just copied it down."

2 AM home a bit - A dreadful  
weekend - Some disorder - Tattler  
in + every morning - And + hill, +  
Nalaphars... in day, sh. having it, +  
miles and confident, amused for +  
with for "handwritten"

Aug. 1 - 7:45 AM  
Early morning (Mikayil) get play many -  
It can 2 to photo graphed by Fredrick who  
came for Fox Island + his initials to do  
this - with beam Dina Mahanna, 2  
inland - O. J. is away by in a st.  
corner of the stockyard, Monday retiring  
to finally slight - It was in a room with  
other people in with it - not all saw  
the deep set, heart in shadow and some

doomed blue eyes - eyes can just 502  
replied 2, Madam's night in 15  
old + best - her wild gaze quite  
away - He does strength comes to  
his feet - it's a hard fight of enormous  
strength - He feels that he is old  
and he is all feet - Fredrick's doing strength  
comes to his buttocks, Eddie Villard  
in his thoughts... When the boy stands  
on a floor, he is in a long glass  
worn in a beam - noble moment  
a tremor, for there is a flash - but  
never - The suddenly he is a  
horrible 17, a violent preparation  
he is so muscular that he is a part of  
fantasy quality that flows he does  
it all with marble, speaks of his eyes a  
darkness in his eyes - all of  
Mikayil's eyes - but with a different sense  
with - And write more to +  
+ told my eyes - 50 counts each 5 -  
Exhaustion -

- Many, too, tonight - his sons of June. Also  
he is a sense of atmosphere in stage work -



would not sooner have suspected than him. He has a wife and five children and a larger <sup>intimate</sup> acquaintance among the oldest wealthy families of the city of any man I know. Yet these friends have left him & family to starve on \$800 per annum until he has finally resorted to criminal means to ~~repair~~ supply his necessities. I went to see him this morn. in his cell. He did not remove his handkerchief from his face when I came but continued sobbing while he extended his hand towards me and asked in grieving tones if that was Burleigh's voice - He was attended by one Jones whom he stated to be a friend and whom from his white cravat and the peculiarly characteristic consolation he offered as he was leaving I took to be a priest. Nothing can be more ridiculous than commending a man of letters education experience and standing in the church in an emergency of this kind to the consolations of religion.

This case illustrates to my mind anew the difference between the faith of a man and his conscience. Cutter was <sup>not</sup> doubt a thoroughly devoted and honest believer in the faith of the denomination to which he belonged and yet his religion but imperfectly supplied the want of an adequate moral sense.

This is one of the most melancholy affairs I ever heard of.

The Morning News has been going now a little more a week & has good subscribers - It goes on bravely - Silas Wright will undoubtedly run for Governor notwithstanding his declension's, and I do not see why we should not elect our President. I am pretty much determined to go to the Syracuse Convention to be held on Wednesday to nominate the Dem. Pres. & then go on to Miss Granger & Fanny Campbell.

I spent this eve. at McCarroll's.



*(The extract given has been condensed and reprinted by kind permission from the Eleventh Annual Report of the American Scenic and Historic Preservation Society.)*

## JUET'S JOURNAL OF HUDSON'S VOYAGE.

The first of September (1609), faire weather, the wind variable betweene east and south; we steered away north northwest. At noone we found our height to bee 39 degrees, 3 minutes. Wee had soundings, thirtie, twentie-seven, twentie-foure, and twentie-two fathomes, as wee went to the northward. At sixe of the clocke wee had one and twentie fathomes. And all the third watch, till twelve of the clocke at mid-night, we had soundings one and twentie, two and twentie, eighteene, two and twentie, one and twentie, eighteene, and two and twentie fathoms, and went sixe leagues neere hand north northwest.

The second, in the morning, close weather, the winde at the south in the morning; from twelve untill two of the clocke we steered north north-west, and had sounding one and twentie fathoms; and in running one glasse we had but sixteene fathoms, then seventeene, and so shoalder and shoalder untill it came to twelve fathoms. We saw a great fire, but could not see the land; then we came to ten fathoms, whereupon we brought our tackes aboard, and stood to the eastward east southeast, foure glasses. Then the sunne arose, and wee steered away north againe, and saw the land from the west by north to the north-west by north, all like broken islands,\* and our soundings were eleven and ten fathoms. Then wee looft in for the

\* Sandy Hook

shoare, and faire by the shoare we had seven fathoms. The course along the land we found to be northeast by north. From the land which we had first sight of, untill we came to a great lake of water,\* as wee could judge it to bee, being drowned land, which made it to rise like islands, which was in length ten leagues. The mouth of that land hath many shoalds, and the sea breaketh on them as it is cast out of the mouth of it. And from that lake or bay the land lyeth north by east, and wee had a great streame out of the bay; and from thence our sounding was ten fathoms two leagues from the land. At five of the clocke we anchored, being little winde, and rode in eight fathoms water; the night was faire. This night I found the land to hall the compasse 8 degrees. Far to the northward off us we saw high hills.† For the day before we found not above 2 degrees of variation. This is a very good land to fall with, and a pleasant land to see.

The third, the morning mystie, untill ten of the clocke; then it cleered, and the wind came to the south south-east, so wee weighed and stood to the northward. The land‡ is very pleasant and high, and bold to fall withall. At three of the clock in the after-noone, wee came to three great rivers. So we stood along to the northermost, thinking to have gone into it, but we found it to have a very shoald barre before it, for we had but ten foot water. Then we cast about to the southward, and found two fathoms, three fathoms, and three and a quarter, till we came to the souther side of them; then we had five and sixe fathoms, and anchored. So wee sent in our boate

\* The Lower Bay.

† The Navesink Hills.

‡ Staten Island.



mean my firm) gain at a time like this? even if my salary may be in jeopardy?

which releases the memory I had when I went to atlanta to see the olympic games in 1996, that because my flight was so late coming in that we were unable to attend a concert that we'd planned on going to, the concert that had been hit by a bomb just about the time that I was getting picked up at the airport. student of the uses of public space that I am, I'd done a competition a few years earlier for the design of atlanta's public spaces for the games, none of which were executed, the public forced to hang out on closed highway interchanges with nowhere to sit. student of uses that I am, I was attentive the next morning when I went to a track and field event at the olympic stadium. the crowd was a record crowd. people from rural areas, suburban areas, people with no urban or public experience at all all said the same thing: no one can scare me from our olympics. united we stand, of course, but that truism began that day, as yesterday, not with the abstraction or some collective determination; rather, coincident decisions by many individuals lead to that abstraction, decisions that say not only are we unafraid, but we are eager to show it.

discussions with friends have brought one of many ideas into being: that my shock, beyond witnessing events, beyond the paralyzing abstraction of inevitability we had constructed before those events had unfolded, beyond that abstraction melding seamlessly into the abstraction of the world trade center towers already inhabited by my mind, that my shock was due to the fact that the tool of the destruction, the commercial passenger jet, derives its symbolic power, or perhaps it's just power, from the same place the towers did. for me, the wtc is a symbol of modernism, jet-age modernism, 60s modernism, democratic utopian modernism, one that includes a probably-mythic reputation that the buildings were designed to withstand a collision from a 707, not because they were a threat, but because the towers were considered to be so tall. (for all I know, all buildings that can be that tall *de facto* would withstand that kind of impact, just as tilt-up precast concrete panels *de facto* can support several times the load they need to because lifting them in place puts far greater stresses on them).

their destruction was a reminder, redundant as we've tossed jet-age optimism a long time ago, that the buildings and the jets and the systems that support them do not represent the height of individualist power in a high-tech democracy. instead, a parallel but opposite principle stands true, despite destruction that is both a temporary aberration and the cause of my addlement; these infrastructure/abstractions are our collective power, our might and our togetherness, they are the site and source of our democratic will, even as they lend themselves to great destruction.

9.11.2001

3:19 PM \*

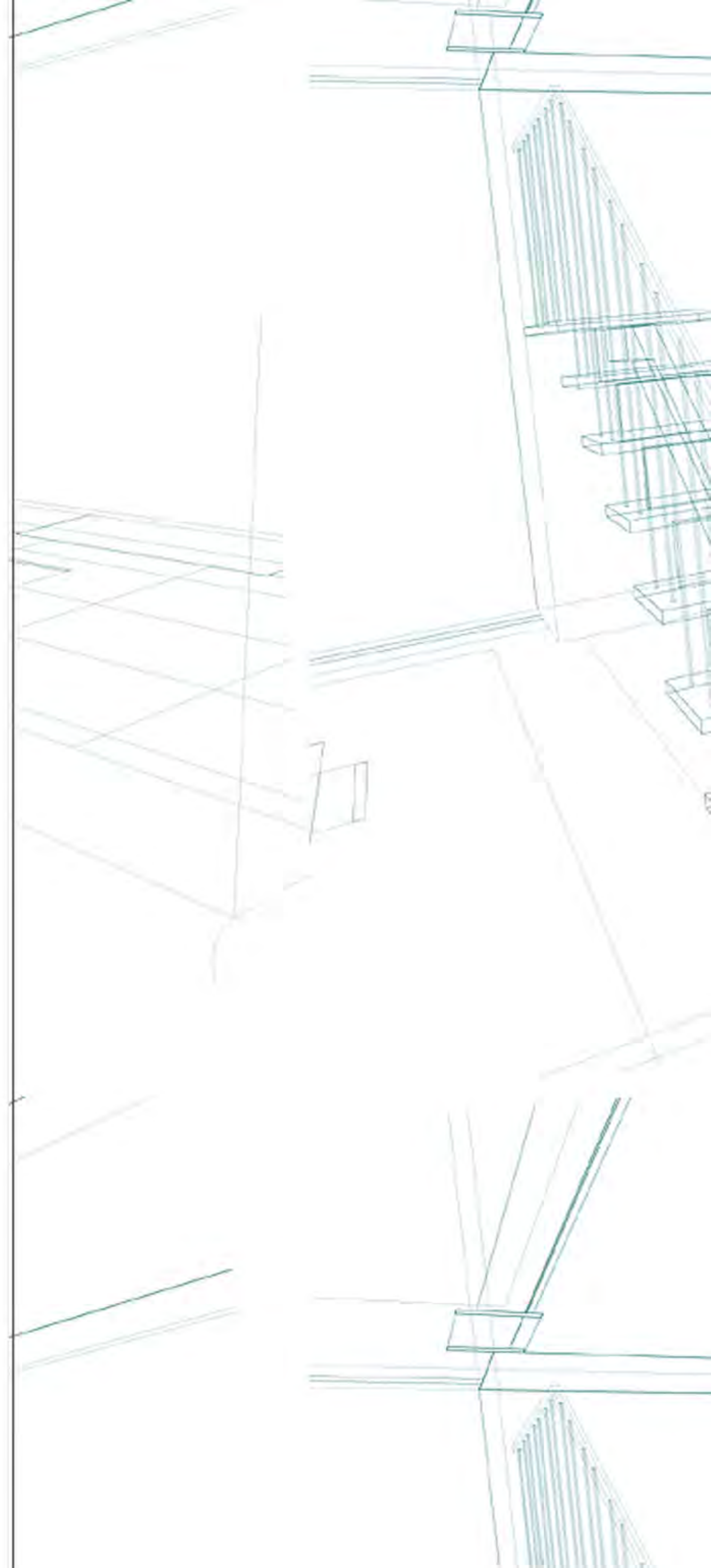
watching television after walking 75 blocks home, it feels so distant. I turn from the tv to my computer monitor to not look at it.

I'm scolding myself for being desensitized by an hour of television footage, replaying collapse timelessly. *it is not like a movie* and I scold myself more than that by saying *i saw a plane hit the world trade center today* and remembering that I was surprised a second plane came out of the bay and that I had instinctively stepped back from the windows, afraid of a shockwave that would break the windows I was looking through. it only happened once, horribly once. *it is not surreal* my fellow architects and I knew that without fire suppression systems and help, there was no way the structure was going to survive (structural steel melts after being burned for an hour) and knew exactly how it would fail. *you saw several hundred people falling a hundred stories*. each of them fell only once.

9.10.2001

11:11 PM \*

out of a HEAD you are so tired and the train comes from behind you, exploding into the station, like a film where that started with the train halfway in the station already, zooming by, the chilly september air can make your overworked unwashed face euphoric, deliric, de-dum from the force of atmosphere eddying in front, exploding station's air and fire demolishing the structure





according to the returns given in by the  
Commanding Officers of Regiments.

A Detachment of an Offr. Sergeant  
& 10 Dragoons to put themselves  
immediately under the Command of  
Maj. Genl. Robertson at New York  
to be relieved every 24 Hours

13: Morning orders Sep: 22: 1776

Offr. for P: this evening C: Gordon for  
C: Heath & no: 2: Paucell

In Waiting  
Capt: Moad Capt: Leigh

Each Batt: will find 1st Lt: 1 Corp: &  
63 Private for the Different Guard  
to Move

Head Q: New York Island, Sep: 22: 1776

Parole London

to Move

Head Q: New York Island, Sep: 22: 1776

Parole London

Count: Great Britain  
the 2: & 6: Brigades & 3: Batt: of  
Light Infantry & Artillery as ordered for to  
day are to March to Move at 9 o'clock under  
the Command of Genl: J: Percy

The Packet for Europe will be ready to  
sail Tuesday the 24: Inst:

A Spy for the Enemy (by his own full  
Confession) Apprehended Last night, was  
this day Executed at 11 o'clock in front  
of the Artillery Park.

Memorandum

2 M: to take Particular care that the  
Necessary Houses are frequently changed  
Field off: for P: this evening Colo: Howe  
In Waiting Colo: Hyde



that she was a mother to me and that I had  
 developed as she liked I would that I  
 come under the influence of a certain circle  
 ones - cerebral group in New York.

Harthy - I was disgusted when they asked questions  
 he backed down - when he ought to have come out  
 and fought - that's the way he does - His call was good  
 but when questioned him, it wasn't ground that he  
 had thought his way over and he was afraid to  
 say anything. When he's dead up, he always  
 flops - Oh if I can sell a picture or  
 if so - a so will help me over this week or  
 something - he collapses & takes to bed;  
 that disgusts me.

I have a friend on the pictorial review,  
 Joe Buttle, that likes ~~advertising groups~~ ~~groups~~ ~~groups~~.

Ming Loy - She's writing a novel - Her  
 husband was drowned & it knocked her up a  
 good deal. She really felt it very much - She  
 really was in love with him and her novel is  
 all about that and her life with him - I haven't  
 seen her for a good while - I used to take her  
 out to lunch - almost every day for a while -  
 I had the money and she hadn't and  
 I thought - maybe she isn't eating  
 regularly - Is she is pretty as ever?  
 well - yes. She is to she hasn't got  
 her wardrobe and she spoke of it - She  
 was about down & out she said she could do it

the movies but she hadn't any of her clothes. She  
 said she was rather swaggers the best  
 HOUR

I saw her quite after I thought she was so  
 depressed I thought Lord maybe she's pawned  
 that necklace? (What necklace?) I  
 told me about it, no - It was some ring or  
 comes mossaic - I never saw a necklace.  
 What was it like? Heavy stones - some oriental  
 carved stones, I don't know exactly? Large  
 stones? Yes quite large - but she had cut  
 her hair who work that picture of her in - I didn't think she was  
 beautiful. I saw her several times in a restaurant  
 before I knew who she was - and I noticed  
 her hair I thought she has a good chin & good  
 nose and beautiful eyebrows. but I  
 wasn't the least interested in her. I never  
 have cared if I never saw her again if I hadn't  
 found out who she was. To tell the truth I thought  
 there was something catty looking about her -

Daisy - Edmund has a pain in his back  
 Cold & they're all fucking on Arthur -

Richard - I said Rich what did Father tell  
 say to you. He said - Mother has the funny  
 ideas - He told me not to speak to any  
 woman on the street unless I had  
 introduced to. I said I wasn't lips

Jan 3 1921 Mr. Scott. Has been on  
 Harvard either goes to his  
 has & do me of 2 things he will  
 or go under  
 it down at 20 miles